

INNOCENCE.

A

POETICAL ESSAY.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Most humbly Inscribed to Her ROYAL HIGHNESS

The PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

By ABRAHAM PORTAL,

Author of

OLINDA and SOPHRONIA, a TRAGEDY.

Hic Murus aheneus esto.

HOR. EPIST.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall, and
E. WITHERS in Fleet-street. MDCCCLXII.

Harvard College Library

May 7, 1912.

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TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS AUGUSTA,

This POETICAL ESSAY

I S,

With the most respectful Deference,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED, BY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient and

Most Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR,

O T.

Н а я Л о я Н и н е с с

T H E

П R I N C E S S A U G U S T A

Т и п П О Р Т I O A L Е а а А

51

W i t h t h e m o s t i n f e r n e d D i f f e r e n c e

H u m a n i t y i n s c r i p t i v e t y

Н а я Л о я Н и н е с с

M o r e O p e n h e i d e s

M o r e H u m a n i t y g e n e r a t i o n

Г о н т у А с Г

Ys. 15951 has b. 15951 p. 15951

A short history of the English Poets

in Modern English & Greek
A N**ELEGIACK ODE.**

drama ex alijsq; dico vix illi videlicet 10

A H Muse! why will you thus intrude
On my unletter'd Mind and ruse?

Why urge my Bosom with poetick Fire?

Tho' you excite my Voice to sing,

Alas! can sacred Musick spring

From an imperfect Lyre?

Ah no! ah no! too plain I feel the Truth;

It crops my budding Hopes, and damps the Fire
of Youth.

A

Ye

Ye Sons of Science, honour'd and rever'd,

Whether ye delight to rove

In Newnam's hallow'd Grove,

Or on the rushy Banks of *Ijs* stray,

And lost in studious Thought protract the Day;

Or whether * Bagley's woody Heights ye climb,

And study Nature's Beauties in their Prime,

Ev'n there, O there ! let my weak Voice be heard.

Or if, perchance, your Footsteps tread

Where Cam erects his rev'rend Head,

Where, leaning on his sedgy Urn,

His azure Waves around him turn,

* A Place near Oxford.

There drawing from his learned Store

Horatian Wit, and Attic Rules,

Whatever the Athenian Schools,

Ev'n all that Wisdom taught her Sons of yore.

Ah ! then, with Pity let your Breasts be fraught
 For one who thirsts to quaff th' instructive Stream,
 With you t'explore each language-hidden Thought,
 T'enrich his Mind from ev'ry well-wrote Theme.

But ah ! in vain
 I vent my Pain ;
 The Time is flown,
 Nor can I now make learned Tongues my own.

Blest be ye, Bards, (O may the grateful Muse,
 With soft indulgent Smiles,
 Ease and reward your Toils !)

Who seek on all her Blessings to diffuse.

Ye, by whose vivid Beam I trace
Poesy's enchanting Face
Glowing with Grecian Fire, deck'd with each Lation
Grace.

Hail ! Dryden, tuneful Shade ! whose lab'ring Hand
Unveil'd the Beauties of the Mantuan Page :
Hyblean Pope, hail ! at whose Command
Shone forth sweet Homer's well-conducted Rage.
What time these precious Volumes I peruse,
Dear to the Muses, to the Poet dear,
I bless your friendly Labours, nor refuse
Your laurel'd Shades the Tribute of a Tear.

Hail, learned Francis ! still exert thy Pow'rs,
Now thou hast made the lyrick Poet ours,

With

With thy golden Key unlock
Treasures that have stood the Shock
Of Time and Chance, and still they shine

Like Phœbus' Beams unchang'd, with Lustre all
divine.

Last, happy Franklin, hail ! whose tragick Musc

Illustrious George does not refuse

To cherish with protecting Wing,

What Praise, great Bard, to thee is due,

Now in their genuine Scenes we view

The matchless Sorrows of the Theban King ?

O Sopicles, thou hoary Sage !

How can my Soul enough admire

Thy wondrous Genius and thy wondrous Fire,

Which unabating shone a whole long * Age ?

* Sopicles is said to have wrote his Tragedy of *Oedipus Colonus* at a hundred Years old.

Sweet

Sweet Bird of Nature! like the Nightingale
With thy golden Key unloose

Thou warblest out thy sadly-pleasing Tale.

Thereto gether pale loose the Sport
Oh Time thy Clay Cleave, and still thy fine

His will I wish thy spacious emprise, whereof
Ah! but for you, kind Bards, these Tomes to be

Had been but by their deathless Titles known,

Dark as the Sun to him who cannot see,

Strange as the Frost to those who tread the burning

Zone.

Yet, O! ye Sons of Phœbus, do not blame,

Tho' I, unworthy of a Poet's Name,

Presume with my unhallow'd Feet to tread

The Muses' consecrated Shade:

For tho' unblam'd ye suffer me to stray,

I shall not bear one Laurel Wreath away.

Nor will I taint the pure *Cæsarian Spring*,

With aught that may produce

Wanton Thoughts and Wishes loose;

The chaste Muse may listen when I sing:

From my Lyre shall nothing flow;

But Sounds of virtuous Joy, or Strains of virtuous

Woe.

O that my Pow' were equal to my Will!

How would I bear

Aloft in Air

The Hero's Fame,

And Patriot's Name;

To virtuous Deeds I'd dedicate my Skill;

But ah! my grov'ling Numbers are unfit,

Better do simplest Themes my simple Genius fit.

N. B.

With I think the same Captain Spillig

With such that was proposed

When I thought he had done

N. B. The foregoing Ode was thrown out upwards of two Years ago by the Author, as an

Apology for what Writings he had already been, or might hereafter be, induced to publish, and printed in *Lloyd's Evening Post*, and is here reprinted, judging it will not be disagreeable to his Friends to see it joined to his present Work.

INNOCENCE.

A

POETICAL ESSAY.

BOOK I.

O Eversmiling Maid, Offspring of Heaven,
 And even with Divinity itself
 Co-eval. Ere th' angelick Quires began,
 On golden Harps to praise the sacred Source
 Of Being and of Bliss; Or ever Guilt,
 Tho' elder than this Fabrick old of Earth
 And all surrounding Skies, thou sat'st enthron'd

B

Associate

Associate with the ever blest Supreme.

O Joy-bestowing Innocence, to thee

My Lyre I string—Parent of Harmony;

Thee I invoke—O kindly deign to be

At once my Inspiration and my Theme.

WHEREVER, in this Labyrinth of Vice,

Thy roving feet pursue the secret Track

Of latent Virtue, whether in the wilds

Of uncorrupted Nature thou delight'st;

By haunted Forests, and Savannahs rude,

And hoary Streams, whose lonely Banks resound

With hideous Yells; and all the Silvan roar;

With undesigning Ignorance to dwell;

Or rather in the venerable Sage's Breast,

Whose unfrequented Cave, solemn and dark

Thou

Thou dost Illumine : Or dost thou prefer ~~quods~~ ?
 'Midst Nymphs, and Swains in flow'ry Meads to sport
 And by thy Smiles improve the Face of Joy ;
 Or loy'st thou to attend Affliction's Couch, and end
 And pour thy Balm into the wounded Breast :
 Thence I invoke thee—Do thou not disdain ~~to eot~~
 Thy Suppliant's Prayer—O fear not to approach
 My humble Roof : For here, no Wealth abounds
 To swell the Crest of Pride, no Tumult rage,
 To banish sacred Peace ; no Pleasures laugh
 At Virtue's sober Mien ; No Fav'rite here
 Of Fortune dwells, with supercilious Gzin ~~noqu~~
 To mock thy Smiles. Nor fear, celestial Maid,
 The Trader's fraudulent Wiles ; for sooner here
 Shall Poverty, with her unhappy Train
 Of meagre Wants, sharp Griefs and biting Taunts,

Take up her hated Residence; than e'er
 Dishonest Arts shall drive her from my Door.
 Nor let the Muse give Umbrage; tho' too oft
 She has been found thy Poet; too oft has deck'd
 With flow'ry Wreath, the shameful Brow of Vice,
 Too oft has batter'd Wealth; But ah! if I minded
 Thee ought but Virtue raise her moral Song;
 Else every Note be Discord. Tho' she sing
 Longly; and, like the harmless Redbreast, hums o'
 Her feeble Lay unmotet from her Shrub.
 Tho' no ennobled Patron designs to smile
 Upon her artless Strain; if thou vouchsafe
 With thy envy'ning Influence to cheer
 Her honest Breast, all shall be rapt'rous joy.

Augusta, Royal Maid, Britannia's Pride!

Of all her blooming Daughters chief; nor less

In potent Beauty commanding: The Praised is she
 How great! Wherever shee omnipresent shineth,
 On ev'ry Cheek, and aways in ev'ry Eye! Not she,
 Sea-born, impure, unfaithful as its Waves,
 Her Bosom to each bold Adventer free;
 Whose venal Rites mistaken Rome, and Greece,
 Still first in Superstition, Blindly paid;
 Whose magick Celsus, with contagious Vice,
 Fir'd Gods and Men; but the whole high Decent
 Sprang from the Fountain of celestial Sweets,
 Supreme in Beauty, Modesty, and Love:
 By ev'ry Grace attended, ev'ry Pow'r
 To touch the Fibres of the manly Heart,
 With sweetly-thrilling Anguish. Well repaid
 When to the Breast, fierce-throbbing with Desire,
 Contenting Hymen gives the blushing Maid,

In artless Innocence bedight, and with her Charms,
 (Bafing the Pow'rs of love, taught N/o's Pen).
 Yielding the Hand unforc'd, the faithful Heart,
 Tender, susceptible of social Joy,
 Spring of each soft Affection, ev'ry Bliss
 Bestowing and receiving; firm to hold
 Th' unchangeful Ardour of well-settled Love,
 To Anger, Envy, and each lawless Wish
 Alike insensible. Thrice happy Prince,
 By Heav'n high-favour'd, whose heroick Deeds,
 Or royal Virtues shall inspire the Breast
 Of bright *Augusta* with the gen'rous Flame!
 Methinks, already, the prophetick Muse,
 Rapt into future Times, beholds wide-spread,
 Their God-like Issue, some in shining Steel,
 Guiding the Storm of War, and 'midst its Rage

Shed-

Shedding soft Mercies; while the vanquish'd Foe,
 Made by Misfortune blest, against his Will,
 Submits to Justice, Happiness and Peace.
 Others I see on Europe's regal Thrones
 Plac'd eminent, o'er many an happy Realm,
 The British, Brunswick, and the Saxon Stream
 Of patriotick Virtues (in their Breasts)
 United happily) diffusing wide.
 Exulting Millions, yet unborn, I see,
 With Hands uplifted and extended Throats,
 Blessing their equal Sway, by Heav'n ordain'd
 Guardians of Justice, Liberty and Truth;
 The future Georges of succeeding Years.
 What means this rising Tumult in my Veins?
 Why beats my heart? Why from the coming Ray
 Do my dim'd Eyes avert? O'tis too much,

Hannibal

My

My Muse! Quick, shrou'd me from the lust'rous
 Train, & arising, bold on wing'd M'yd the M
 Left Fancy droop opprest, and let me see
 But half their Numbers, or but half their Charms.
 These are thy beauteous Offspring, royal Maid,
 The Mothers, Daughters, Wives, of future Kings.
 Then hastes, slow-footed Time, thy Wings expand;
 Lead on the golden Moments in thy Rear
 To bless *Augusta*, and in her the World.
 Meanwhile illustrious Fair-one, condescend,
 With Smiles of sweet Humanity, that shine
 Above the Gleam of Pride, to bless the Bard,
 Whose Muse, tho' friendless and unknown, presumes
 To cast an humble Offering at your Feet;
 And with your Name no dignify his Song.

Himself tho' lowly, unadorn'd his Verse,
 Yet is his Theme, like her to whom he sues,
 Great, good, and fair, pure as her Virgin Breast,
 The Joy of Nature, and Delight of Heaven.

PROFUSE in Charms, O how shall I begin
 The copious Verse ! as well my Pencil rude
 Might paint the dazzling Glories of the Sun ;
 Glories less bright than thine, as boldly hope
 To draw the matchless lustre of thy Face.
 Lives there a wretch, thro' Nature's wide Domain,
 On Niger's footy Shores, or Afia's Wilds,
 Or where the savage Indian hunts for food,
 Where Science never trod, or Laws were known,
 Who not admires thee ? Lives there one whose mind,
 With more than savage Darkness overwhelm'd,

Shrinks not at Vice, but boldly rushes on
 To Theft, Adul'try, Murder? Even He,
 Like the foul Ravisher of some sweet Maid,
 While he abuses, loves thee. Such thy Charms,
 That ev'n in lifeless Nature, whatsoe'er
 Wears but some Feature of thy Loveliness,
 Thence Grace derives, and fair Esteem and Love.
 The candid Robe of thee, all-winning Maid,
 Hue emblematick, Angels deign to wear,
 To mortal Eye effulgent; ancient *Rome*
 In spotless white, external Purity,
 Array'd her Sons of Empire, courting Sway;
 This Liv'ry still fair Chastity delights,
 And when the Virgin at the Altar stands
 To plight eternal Faith, in this Attire
 She pleases best; but seeming what she is.

Th'

'Th' unblemish'd Lamb, Emblem of th' contest,
The holy Saviour of Mankind himself
Blest Angels call ; when at th' Almighty Throne
High-ministr'ing, before his sacred Feet
They cast their golden Crowns and fill the Vault,
The Saphire Vault of Heav'n with worthy Praise.

NOR was thy other hieroglyphick Fair
Less honour'd, when at Jordan's hallow'd Fount
The sacred Spirit, ever-bless'd, assum'd
Her silv'ry Form, upon the Son much lov'd
Descending visible. How blest the Age
Golden, not fabulous, but ah ! too short,
When to thy gentle Sway, illustrious Maid,
All Nature yielded ! then the clement Air
Breath'd Balsam ; then no noxious Vapours rose

Baleful to Health ; no Nitre-loaded Clouds
 Burst Thunder, threatening with their horrid shock
 Confusion universal : Then the Sun,
 Great Source of Light, uninterrupted rode
 Majestick, gilding all the Azure Cope
 Of Heav'n with Splendour ; driving far away
 Heart-numbing Cold, and with his gen'rous Beams
 Rip'ning eternal Fruits. No Enmity
 In brutal Souls then lodg'd ; the harmless Lamb
 Stray'd fearless ; Wolves with Tygers play'd,
 Lyons with Bears, the timid Hart and Hare
 Had naught to fear from Fellow-Beasts or Man :
 The spotted Leopard and Hyæna tame,
 Glar'd not terrifick ; thirst of vital Gore
 The bestial Train felt not. Throughout th' Expanse
 Of the pure-bosom'd Air, the warbling Quires

Their

Their dulcet Songs attun'd, to Hill and Dale
 Beneath, clear Spring, and odorif'rous Shade
 Hymning thy Praise, nor fear'd the Talons keen
 Of Kite or Eagle, feather'd Tyrants fierce.
 Not then with poison swell'd the crested snake,
 Or loathsome Toad, nor chang'd *Arachne* yet
 Spread Snare's insidious; Wholsome Earth brought
 forth
 No Life-destroying Plants, *Cicuta* fell,
 Curs'd *Aconite*, or *Nightshade* deadly; nor,
 From out its secret Store-house deep and dark,
 Gave fiery *Ars'nick*, or mercurial *Bane*.
 Within his rocky Caves rough *Boreas* pent
 Th' imprison'd Storms, nor let their Rage break
 loose
 To vex the foaming Surge, or on the Earth

To

blue

To whirl Destruction. Naugh^te abroad was heard,
 But Zephyr's gentle Gales, from Scene to Scene,
 Sweet Odours wafting. Universal Peace
 Throughout the Air, Earth, Sea, smil'd harmless ;
 Enraptur'd Man, nor yet offending, reign'd
 Sole Lord of all, in Happiness complete ;
 But ah ! he fell : from thy Dominion calm
 Rashly withdrawing, and with him soon join'd,
 Revolting Nature. Then swift vanish'd all
 The Flow'rs, the fragrant Sweets, and ev'ry Charm
 And ev'ry Bliss creating Paradise :
 Rude Anarchy prevail'd, and endless War
 The jarring Elements excite ; fierce Storms
 Impetuous bluster, horrid Lightnings glare,
 Black Clouds surcharg'd pour Torrents, Thunders

loud

Rive

Rive the firm Oaks, and rend the solid Rocks ;
The Earth convuls'd, from her Foundation heaves,
And yawning Mountains from their ample Throats
Belch Flames sulphureous ; from his polar Realms
Bleak Winter marches forth, with fiery Hair,
And Stream-arresting Rod, with Shafts unseen,
Deep-felt-afflicting Man and Beast. No more the
Fields no smiling joy nor blushing Hinds
Spontaneous Harvests crown, fertile alone
In Weeds, and ruggid Thorns, and baneful Plants,
Requiring Labour much, and painful Toil,
To clear the Glebe and break the stubborn Clods ;
And many an anxious Fear exciting, ere
Bright Ceres to the Autumn Sun displays
Her Life-supporting Bounty. Now no more
The Race quadruped to their rightful Lord.

Pay due Allegiance; but rebellious turn'd
 Their inurd'rous Fangs and Jaws against his Life.
 Thro' Air, Earth, Sea, fell Discord rages; Beasts
 With Beasts engage; Birds prey on Birds; and Fish
 Fishes devour: Nor long the human Race
 From Rapine, Rage, and human Blood refrain.
 By sore Experience taught, that without thee
 Nor Happiness nor Joy long Time on Earth
 Sep'reate reside, for thy Protection then
 Man leagued with Man, City with City join'd,
 And Tribe with Tribe: Thus Nations rose,
 And all the graceful Orders that compose
 The Beauty, Strength and Harmony of States
 Sprang into Birth; whence the sweet Nuptial Tye
 Replete with Blessings: Sceptred Majesty,
 With all her Guard of delegated Powers,

For thy Protection waves the awful Sword.

O! but for thee, Religion ne'er had left

Her bright Abodes, to teach the Laws of Heav'n,

And point the Road of Happiness to Man.

Without thy friendly Aid we vainly hope

To taste of Bliss, Thou, the sole Spring of Joy,

Of ev'ry human Care sole Comforter.

The mimick Pow'r, who, artful, wears thy Form,

And with a specious Figure cheats Mankind,

Boasts not these Arts; to mortal Eye impervious,

High in the middle Regions of the Air,

(Whence hov'ring Spirits of malignant kind

Their baleful Influence shed, scatt'ring abroad

Lusts, Envyings, War, and ev'ry purple Plague

Upon this lower World) a Palace stands,

Or rather in the Cœrule Ether floats,

D

Where

Where false *Hypocrisy* has fix'd her Seat.
The stately Edifice no Base supports,
Yet to the Eye it bears an Aspect fair,
Solid and firm. The Building regular.
With ev'ry modest Ornament enrich'd.
Marble it seems, with ev'ry Colour stain'd
That forms the Glories of the solar Ray ;
Tho' nought but mottled Clouds. The Front alone
Is thus adorn'd ; for all around, besides
Is shaggy, black and horrid. As the Sun
Shapes his diurnal Course, the shifting Dome
Changes its Site, and still its beauteous Front
His Beams opposes. Thus without appears ;
Within, the naked Walls are cover'd o'er
With various Scenery ; which, whensoe'er
The changeful *Sorc'ress* waves her Ebon Wand,

Alters

Alters to what she lifts the ample Hall.

Now like a goodly Temple it appears,

With decent Altar grac'd, and here and there,

In golden Lines, some wise Remembrancers.

Her fav'rite Demons then are quickly turn'd

To Devotees, herself the Priestess : Then

Her Mask is thrown aside, again she waves,

When lo ! a sumptuous Theatre it seems.

The lengthen'd Scene her airy Dancers fill

With many an antick Form, Female and Male :

A thousand swelling Bosoms, fair-expos'd,

Pant to the Air ; while many a Gesture lewd,

And Glance lascivious kindle Flames of Lust.

Again her ebon Rod is lifted up,

And all around her seems a rural Plain,

Herself in outward Form a simple Maid :

So modestly array'd, as if she fear'd
 The very Winds should breathe upon her Charms,
 So chaste her Looks, that scarcely from the Ground
 Her sober Eyes she turns; whilst on her Cheek
 The apprehensive Blush stands half display'd.
 'Twere endless to recount the various Forms
 Her Palace takes, more endless to relate
 The num'rous Wiles which there she practices:
 From whence descending on the Sons of Men,
 Their Breasts she fills with every fraudulent Art,
 Inspir'd by her, fell *Cruelty* can wear
 Religion's holy Garb, and raging *Lust*
 The sweetly-smiling Face of virtuous *Love*:
 Curst *Malice* can with Friendship's Smiles betray,
 And mad *Ambition* make her Country's Good
 A Plea for its Destruction. Ev'ry Form,

That

That in the Eye of Heav'n and Earth appears,
 Most amiable, she puts on ; but still,
 Beneath the studied Smile lurks endless Dread,
 Remorse, and madning Disappointment, O !
 What diff'rent Fate attends the Man who beats
 Thee for his Guide ? Unstudied Wisdom Thou
 Thy Lord, the Peasant and Philosopher,
 Alike may learn. O bind it to my Heart,
 And thro' each sad Vicissitude of Life,
 Let thy eternal Comforts cheer my Soul,
 How do thy Charms to ev'ry human State,
 To ev'ry Age give Lustre ? Infancy
 Drest in thy Beauty shines ; and who can view,
 Without Sensations soft, the harmless Babe ?
 O lost to Goodness, lost to manly Sense,

Loft

Lost to each virtuous Feeling of the Soul,
 Abandon'd Herod ! Execrable Name,
 To foft'ring Mothers dire ! What daftard Rage
 Inflam'd thy cruel Breast, to draw the Sword
 Of laughtring War, like frantick Ajax once,
 On unoffending Lambs ? Ah ! then was heard
 In Roma bitter Cries and loud Laments,
 Fair Rachael's Daughters weeping for the Fate
 Of their lov'd Infants, now, alas ! no more.
 O horrid Fact ! O weak, mistaken Prince !
 The King thou feard'st shall reign o'er Heav'n and
 Earth
 In spite of thine and all the Heavens' Rage.
 So potent is the Charm of infant Smiles,
 Tho' loft on thee, Inhuman ! Beasts of Prey
 Have soften'd at the Sight, and their swol'n Paps,

In Care maternal, fraught with milky Food,
 Have offer'd : Thus did *Rome's* great Founder suck
 A savage Wolf ; when, with his Brother Twin,
 In lonely Wilds expos'd ; 'twas this that sav'd
 The lives of *Oedipus* and *Cyrus Great*,
 By pitying Swains preserv'd, to Glory one,
 The other to Misfortunes, not his Due.
 He, whose blest Life thou sought'ſt, tho' King of
 Heav'n,
 Disdain'd not on the lovely Babe to cast
 His gracious Eye ; but oft within his Arms
 The pleasing Innocents he took, and pour'd
 Rich Blessings on their Heads, announcing loud
 Of such his sacred Kingdom was compos'd.
 Pratling *Childhood* from thy pure Fountain draws
 Its greatly-pleasing Power : What nameless Joys

Parental

Parental Bosoms fill, when on the Knee
 The little Pondling pours forth all its Heart?

 How lovely in the Sight of God and Man
 The gracious Youth whose op'ning Bud expands
 In blooming Innocence? How apt to catch
 Th' Instructive Lesson from the prudent Lip
 Of sage Experience? while the candid Mind,
 Unstain'd with Vice, unwarped by Passion's Rage,
 Not without Joy, receives th' Impression fair
 Of Godlike Virtue. Not the Scythe of Time,
 The bad Examples of a World corrupt,
 Nor all the Force of Avarice and Lust
 Shall from his manly Soul have Pow'r to raze
 The deep-wrought Characters. Ye Parents wise,
 Who fain would see your much-lov'd Issue grac'd,

With Virtue's sacred Wreath, O fill betimes
The vacant Breast of Youth with Wisdom's Laws,
The Love of Justice, Honour, Truth, and Heav'n !
So shall the springing Weeds of Vice decay,
Nor find a Space to flourish in ; so shall
His Years mature your Providence repay
With Duty, Gratitude, and filial Love ;
And when, thro' feeble Age, the gay Delights
Of Life shall cease, his Virtues shall reflect
Comfort and Honour on your Life's Decline.
Nor speaks the Muse at random ; well she knows
The sacred Truth she sings, when, in the Heat
Of giddy Youth, thro' Pleasure's flow'ry Paths,
Fondly I've stray'd, how often, on the Verge
Of Guilt's black Precipice, have I been sav'd
By early-planted Virtue ? If till now,

The common Centre of the Age of Man,
 No Action base, no Circumstance unjust,
 Blots my fair Fame, no unrepented Sin
 Pollutes my Soul ; next to the Grace of Heav'n,
 Blest be the Hand, the wife, the fost'ring Hand,
 Parental to its early Care alone
 I owe the mighty Blessing : Yet, alas !
 How oft, fair *Innocence*, (my blushing Cheeks
 Confess my Shame) have I lost sight of thee ?

Ah then, how joyless the surrounding Scene !
 Thy Presence wanting ! not the jocund Voice
 Of Mirth, Wit's pleasing Edge, the Charms
 Of social Converse, no, nor Beauty's Smiles,
 Could from my sad remorseful Breast remove
 The painful Melancholy. Not for me

The

The feather'd Songsters make the Skies resound
 With artless Melody : adorn'd with Flow'rs
 Smiles the gay Mead ; whilst from each vocal Hedge
 The yellow Woodbine and the blushing Rose
 Their Fragrance scatter ; but, ah ! not for me.
 The future harvest swells ; the verdant Groves
 In varied Shades their mingling Arms extend ;
 Umbrage delightful ! Murmuring along
 Its pebbly Road in soothing Cadence, glides
 The limpid Brook : grateful to guiltless Woe !
 The gay Parterre, Nature's Museum, shines
 With vernal Rarities : The Tulip there
 Her silken Foliage spreads, striking the Eye
 With blended Tints, more various than the Flights
 Of roving Fancy ; yet the flow'ry Tribe
 A thousand Beauties boast as fair as she.

But future Harvests swelling, nor the Grove
 Delightful Umbrage, dreft-in varied Shades
 Of pleasing Verdure; nor the limpid Brook
 In soothing Cadence murmur'ring; no, nor all
 The vernal Rarities the gay Parterre,
 Nature's Museum, shews, could give my Soul
 The Relish of Delight. Ah! then I found
 Joy was not made for Guilt. With earnest Tears
 Thy Absence I deplore, with earnest Step
 Sorr'wing I sought thee; never sought in vain.
 Smiling thou canst, and to my Mind restor'd
 Serenity and Peace: then Mirth and Wit
 And social Converse charm'd, and Beauty's Smiles
 Gave Rapture: then the artless Melody
 Of Birds could please; the flow'ry Meads delight,
 Nor bloom'd in vain the Woodbine and the Rose;

The

The Charms of Nature then inspir'd my Soul

With Wonder, Extasy, and sacred Praise.

Does Infancy, does Youth alone contend
 To wear thy Ornaments ? not so, bright Maid,
 Still more thy Beauties deck *maturer Age*,
 And manly Wisdom, like some radiant Star
 Shines the bright Hero, who amidst these Clouds
 Of moral Darkness spreads thy Glories wide :
 At his Approach, the ugly Monster Vice
 Shrinks at his own Deformity, and flies
 T' Hypocrisy for Shelter : Health and Fame,
 And Peace and Joy, and universal Love,
 And ev'ry Virtue wait upon his Steps.
 Can Vice and Fraud, and Av'rice load their Sons
 With sensual Pleasures, Grandeur, Pow'r and Wealth ?

Granted

Granted they can. But sensual Pleasures cloy,
 And lead to Sickness, Poverty, and Shame :
 Grandeur and Pow'r are but the Shades of Bliss,
 And Wealth can never heal the aching Heart.
 This *Flerio* found; in Youth's gay Prime, adorn'd
 With sprightly Wit, and ev'ry manly Charm,
 Nor Wealth, nor Titles wanting: but, alas!
 Fair *Innocence*, he sought not thee. Infam'd,
 (He cry'd) ' What boots to me the strong-brac'd
 Nerve
 ' Of lusty Youth, the sprightly Charms of Wit,
 ' The Wealth of India's or *Potosi's* Mines,
 ' Or Pomp of noble Ancestry, if I,
 ' Like Age or Poverty, must live confin'd
 ' To Virtue's rigid Rules? No, let me taste
 ' Life's sweet Delights, now while the Blood runs
 high. And

And all around conspires to give me Blis^t^r in ev^r
 By specious arguments awhile composed,^{vers. 1 A}
 Reason dissent^d not. Now Riot runs,^{vers. 10}
 The jolly God his Ivy Garland twines^{vers. 1 A}
 Around his Brow^s; while unrestrain'd, leaves Wit
 His feather'd Shafts lets fly, at all alike,^{vers. 1 A}
 Reason, Religion, Virtue. Now Debauch,
 Tir'd of herself, ranges from Place to Place
 In search of Objects new, t'enflame her Lusts,
 To satiate her Desires: In vain she strives,
 In vain repeats the same dull Pleasures o'er
 Which erst transported: where she looks for Joy,
 She meets Disgust. Now from his pallid Cheeks
 Health's vivid Colours fly, and in their stead
 A haggard Leanness overspreads his Face:
 Esteem and Honour, with respectful Bow,

No more attend upon his op'ning Gates
 A Levee base of Pimps and Parasites,
 Or angry Duns, await his Presence; then
 Awak'd his Reason: but, in Youth untaught
 Aright to look for Bliss, again he err'd:
 ' At length (he cry'd) my open'd Eyes perceive,
 ' Pleasure attends not on the Midnight Bowl;
 ' Nor follows she, observant, the wild Maze
 ' Where mad'ning Frolick leads her noisy Dance;
 ' Nor dwells she always with Companions lewd,
 ' Nor in the venal Smile and cold Embrace
 ' Of publick Courtezans: No, Love alone
 ' (Love free as Air, by nuptial Ties unfor'd,
 ' Its glowing Ardour catching from the Flame
 ' Of Nature's Lamp) can give unpall'd Delight.
 Resolv'd his new Experiment to try,

His Revels he forsakes, discards his Crew
 Of drunken Rioters; and at the Feet
 Of fair Florella breathes his am'rous Vows.
 Florella was to humbler Station born,
 Nor fortunate in that ; on which the Peer
 His flatt'ring Hopes had built ; but by the Care
 Of Parents excellent; tho' now no more;
 Her Heart was well acquainted with the Laws
 Of virtuous Innocence. Lovely her Form,
 As ever fir'd the Breast of glowing Youth
 To its undoing. Deep in Florio's Heart
 Love fix'd his Shaft; but knowing well the Maid
 Was chaste as fair, he closth'd his artful Suit
 In tend'rest Guise; and Honour's spotless Garb,
 Lulling Suspicion ; till the Fair-one's Eyes
 Sparkled a soft Confession : then the Youth,

Anno.

F

In

In flow'ry Eloquence and Accents soft,
As Zephyrs whisp'ring thro' the roseate Bow'ry,¹⁰
Thus gloss'd his foul Intent. Queen of my Heart,
• Amidst a thousand Fair, most charming thou,
• Amidst a thousand Chaste, most virtuous:¹¹
• Never did Lover equal Ardours feel,¹²
• Never had Lover Cause. How poor the Maid,
• In Wealth and Titles rich, compar'd to thee!¹³
• Curse on the venal Youth, who weds for aught,
• But sacred Love; well he deserves to feel¹⁴
• The poignant Stings of matrimonial Strife.¹⁵
• Ah! why has Priestcraft forg'd those hated Chains
• To shackle freeborn Souls? Can Rings of Gold,
• Or empty Forms of ceremonial Words,¹⁶
• Virtue to Vice, or Vice to Virtue change?¹⁷
• Or where their Magick to secure the Heart¹⁸

Against

' Against Inconstancy ? Behold, Sweet Maid, ¹
 ' The Tenants of the Air : how faithful they ?
 ' Yet no Restraint these tuneful Lovers know ;
 ' They chuse from Nature, and their Bond is Love.
 ' Thus let us live, above the vulgar Ties ²
 ' To vulgar Passions suited : Love like mine,
 ' Fed by a kind Return, shall flame till Death ;
 ' Whilst wedded Lovers surfeit on fore'd Sweets,
 ' And sink t' Indiff'rence.' Thence with bold
 Embrace, ³ ~~and~~ ⁴ ~~and~~ ⁵ ~~and~~ ⁶ ~~and~~ ⁷ ~~and~~ ⁸ ~~and~~ ⁹ ~~and~~ ¹⁰ ~~and~~ ¹¹ ~~and~~ ¹² ~~and~~ ¹³ ~~and~~ ¹⁴ ~~and~~ ¹⁵ ~~and~~ ¹⁶ ~~and~~ ¹⁷ ~~and~~ ¹⁸ ~~and~~ ¹⁹ ~~and~~ ²⁰ ~~and~~ ²¹ ~~and~~ ²² ~~and~~ ²³ ~~and~~ ²⁴ ~~and~~ ²⁵ ~~and~~ ²⁶ ~~and~~ ²⁷ ~~and~~ ²⁸ ~~and~~ ²⁹ ~~and~~ ³⁰ ~~and~~ ³¹ ~~and~~ ³² ~~and~~ ³³ ~~and~~ ³⁴ ~~and~~ ³⁵ ~~and~~ ³⁶ ~~and~~ ³⁷ ~~and~~ ³⁸ ~~and~~ ³⁹ ~~and~~ ⁴⁰ ~~and~~ ⁴¹ ~~and~~ ⁴² ~~and~~ ⁴³ ~~and~~ ⁴⁴ ~~and~~ ⁴⁵ ~~and~~ ⁴⁶ ~~and~~ ⁴⁷ ~~and~~ ⁴⁸ ~~and~~ ⁴⁹ ~~and~~ ⁵⁰ ~~and~~ ⁵¹ ~~and~~ ⁵² ~~and~~ ⁵³ ~~and~~ ⁵⁴ ~~and~~ ⁵⁵ ~~and~~ ⁵⁶ ~~and~~ ⁵⁷ ~~and~~ ⁵⁸ ~~and~~ ⁵⁹ ~~and~~ ⁶⁰ ~~and~~ ⁶¹ ~~and~~ ⁶² ~~and~~ ⁶³ ~~and~~ ⁶⁴ ~~and~~ ⁶⁵ ~~and~~ ⁶⁶ ~~and~~ ⁶⁷ ~~and~~ ⁶⁸ ~~and~~ ⁶⁹ ~~and~~ ⁷⁰ ~~and~~ ⁷¹ ~~and~~ ⁷² ~~and~~ ⁷³ ~~and~~ ⁷⁴ ~~and~~ ⁷⁵ ~~and~~ ⁷⁶ ~~and~~ ⁷⁷ ~~and~~ ⁷⁸ ~~and~~ ⁷⁹ ~~and~~ ⁸⁰ ~~and~~ ⁸¹ ~~and~~ ⁸² ~~and~~ ⁸³ ~~and~~ ⁸⁴ ~~and~~ ⁸⁵ ~~and~~ ⁸⁶ ~~and~~ ⁸⁷ ~~and~~ ⁸⁸ ~~and~~ ⁸⁹ ~~and~~ ⁹⁰ ~~and~~ ⁹¹ ~~and~~ ⁹² ~~and~~ ⁹³ 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{ Can purchase Bliss, when Wealth and Titles fail—
‘ A guiltless Heart. Had you with Honour woo’d,
‘ It had been yours ; tho’ to a Shepherd’s Crook
‘ Your Coronet were chang’d. Such as it is,
‘ Some honest Man may think it worth his Love,
‘ And such alone shall gain it.’ Here she cast
Upon th’ astonish’d Peer a farewell Glance,
Which spoke Distrust unspeakable—and fled.

Florio was struck. Conviction for awhile
Flash’d on his Mind. So awful Virtue’s Frowns.
But Pride recoil’d; and now he has Recourse
To sordid Artifice : A thousand Wiles
Of Fraud or Flattery vainly he essay’d ;
So cautious was the Fair. At length, by Force
He gain’d her to his Pow’r : and, just about
To seize that Bliss, which Virtue cannot grant,

The desp'rate Maid (preferring Innocence
 To guilty Life) forth from its Scabbard snatch'd
 His Weapon keen, and plung'd it in her Breast.
 Then, all at once, Love, Guilt, Remorse, Despair,
 Burst on his Mind ; a mad'ning Horror seiz'd
 His agitated Brain, and made him feel
 The Pangs reserv'd for unrepented Crimes.
 He grasp'd the reeking Sword, and would have made
 Those Pangs eternal : but in-rushing Friends
 Preserv'd his Life. Pardon he durst not ask
 Of Heaven, or her ; premeditated Guilt,
 Like his, had banish'd ev'ry Glimpse of Hope.
 The bleeding Maid his Agonies beheld,
 And, guiltless of Revenge, with pitying Eyes
 And Accents thus address'd him— ‘ *Florio,*
 Compose thy Mind ; thy Inj'ries I forgive ;

‘ My

' My Pains, I plainly see, are less than thine ;
 ' And such would be, tho' they should lead to Death ;
 ' But ah ! my Coward Arm has been too weak
 ' In Virtue's Cause : Yet learn from hence, rash
 Youth,
 ' Florella scorns to live, her Honour stain'd.'
 Return'd the Peer, in weeping Penitence
 Abash'd ; O heavenly Maid ! canst thou forgive
 ' So base a Wretch ? And dost thou still survive
 ' To beam inspiring Virtue on my Soul ?
 ' I would not suffer such another Pang,
 ' To gain a whole long Life of guilty Bliss.
 ' But O ! my Friends, bind up, with tend'rest Care,
 ' The Fair-one's Wounds, and intercede, if yet,
 ' Tho' greatly undeserving, she may deign,
 ' When Health returns, to bless me with her Hand.
 Were

Were I the Lord of half the subject Globe,
 I could not taste of Bliss, should she refuse
 To share my Throne.' The wounded Maid, with
 Eyes
 Pleasure thro' Pain expressing, not return'd
 A scornful Answer, leaving room for Hope:
 For ah! too well her Heart had always lov'd
 The faithless Lord, who, wholly alter'd now,
 Each Day gave Proof of Penitence sincere,
 And virtuous Love. Shordly, her Health recover'd,
 Deserv'd Success his wortner Passion met:
 In ever sacred Ties their Hands and Hearts
 Were bound, and Floris tasted Joy. Whence, but
 From thee, all-shining Maid, shall drooping Age
 Draw Reverence, draw Comfort? When grey Time
 Has o'er each former-pleasing Object cast

His

His Mantle dun, and Mirth and Wit have lost
 Their wonted Charms; when the slow-creeping Blood
 Scarce animates the Frame; and the deaf'd Ear
 Soft Musick's thrilling Note hears without Joy;
 When the Lute's speaking Strings discordant seem,
 And ev'n the God-like Muse wakes not the Soul;
 When o'er the human Countenance divine
 Deformity prevails, and clean outworn
 Is ev'ry pleasurable Trace; then Thou
 With graceful Silver canst the hoary Head
 Clothe ven'rable; then can thy pleasing Smiles,
 Reflected back from Youth to welcome Age,
 Sooth ev'ry painful incidental Woe,
 And charm the Horrors of approaching Death.

The END of the FIRST Book.

INNOCENCE.

A

POETICAL ESSAY.

BOOK II.

FIR'D with the glowing Theme, again my
Muse

Snatches her Lyre; much she has left unsung,
Much she must leave; tho' she should stretch her

Song

From Day's prime Dawn, till bright-ey'd *Venus* leads
To Fields of Azure the Hesperian Train.

G

As

As once, 'tis fabled, on fam'd *Ida's Mount*,
Three blooming Godeffes to mortal Eye
Discover'd heavenly Forms : so on my Sight,
My ravish'd Sight, do thou, fair *Innocence*,
With Radiance more than all the three could boast,
Celestial Beauties beam, and teach the Muse,
Strongly impress'd, to draw the Charms she feels.
Already she hath shewn (tho' faintly shewn)
What Lustre they reflect on ev'ry Age
Of human Life ; how much on ev'ry State
Now she would shew. Without thy cheering Smiles,
What shining Fate, however prosperous,
Can give Content ? and bless'd with them, what
Chance,
How'er perverse, how'er unfortunate,
Can make us wretched ? Should our happy Lot
Beneath

Beneath fair Plenty's richest Horn be fix'd,
 From Want, Oppression, and the various Ills
 That wait on Poverty, exempt ; ev'n there
 Thy Palm th' ennobling Coronet outshines
 The envied Garter, or the Laurel Wreath.
 Without a Peer, Promotions, and such like Help
 How truly bleſſ'd the Man, who grac'd with
 these,
 Is still more grac'd by theal. As on the Brow
 Of some high Mountain stands a Cedar tall,
 Monarch of Trees, his tow'ring Head erect,
 The Clouds molesting ; spreading wide his Arms,
 Loaded with verdant Honours ; while
 Amidst his shelt'ring Branches sing the Birds,
 Beneath his grateful Shade the Flocks repose,
 The Pride and Blessing of the rural Wild.

Such is his Usefulness, his Glory such.
 Should he, beneath his Monarch's fav'ring Hand,
 Largely partake of delegated Pow'r?
 He knows no Pride; no painful Envy burns
 Within his Breast at those more favour'd: He,
 Urg'd on by Virtue, not Ambition, climbs,
 Without a Fear, Promotion's dang'rous Heights.
 Are Honours grateful to him? 'tis because
 His great Example then more glorious shines.
 Is Pow'r his Wish? it is but to extend
 His large Capacity of doing good.
 Not more his Wealth a Blessing to himself,
 Than all Mankind: He, like the grateful Earth,
 With ev'ry Flow'r adorn'd; with ev'ry Fruit,
 With all Things estimable, all Things rare,
 By bounteous Heaven enrich'd, not for himself
 The

The boundless Treasure hoards ; but wide around,
 Diffuses Food and Raiment, Joy and Health.

O heart-felt Rapture ! exquisite Delight !
 Sole Happiness on Earth unsweeting ! That
 Of doing good ! when the full-swelling Soul
 Can comprehend the universal Range
 Of human Beings, and with one vast Wish,
 Boundless, unalterable, ever first
 In all her glorious Thoughts, to guide,
 Inspire and regulate her Acts, can seek the Good
 Of all her Fellow-creatures. Maid Divine,
 (No fabulous Inspirer thou ; tho' now
 By me first call'd to aid the Poet's Song)
 Say, for thou best can't tell, O whence the Source
 Of this divine Philanthropy ? O teach
 My ardent Breast, and ev'ry list'ning Ear,

The great, the Godlike Transport to acquire!

Hark! from yon fleecy Cloud of shining white

Soft Harmony descends; while not a Breeze

Ruffles the serene Air; the Lark has still'd

Her warbling Note, outdone; sweet Philomel

Her Plaint forbears; mute are the bleating Flocks,

Attentive stand the frequent-lowing Herds,

And dumb; check'd is the brawling Brook, nor

chirps a chirp of judgment's warning.

The verdant Grasshopper with ceaseless Creek;

Great Nature listens—and a solemn Pause

Thro' all her Works observes; while, still and

sweet,

The heavenly Voice of Innocence is heard.

• Easy and short, O Man, the sacred Rule

• To gain this glorious Gift, no more than this—

ed T

• To

- To follow me, So shall th' etherial Soul,
- Freed from the cumbrous Load of guilty Care,
- Of A'rice, Pride, and all the Clogs of Sense,
- Divested happily, to one great Point
- Make all her Actions tend; in Thought and Deed
- To honour her Creator: Gushing thence,
- As from a Rock, the bounteous Stream descends
- Of bleis'd Benevolence on all Mankind.
- To love the Image of his God on Earth
- Is Man's best Service, best accepted Praise;
- She ceases—and the wide-extended Choir
- Of Nature with Applauſive Notes resounds,

Not such his Bliss within whose guilty Breast
Thou deignest not to shine. - He, like the fierce
And savage Ruler of the Silvan Herds,

Is Stranger to the soft Delights that flow
 From conscious Rectitude and social Love.
 Like him, alas ! he knows no Pow'r but that
 Of doing Hurt : proudly he stalks along,
 And marks his Way with Rage, Oppression, Blood.
 Honours, to him, are not the Source of Joy ;
 Angelick Heights are all too low for Pride:
 Rolls he in Riches ? what can they bestow
 On Minds untroubl'd ? happier far is he
 Who, tho' possest'd of nothing, Nothing wants,
 In thee enjoying all Things ; happy State
 Of guiltless Poverty ! Boasts the proud Peer
 His 'broider'd Canopy and silken Bed,
 Where his unwearied Limbs oft' toss in vain,
 In search of sweet Repose ? the lab'ring Hind
 Smiles at his Vaunt ; he lays him down to rest

Beneath

Beneath the glorious Concave of the Sky,
 In Nature's flow'ry Lap his weary Limbs lie
 Reclining : O, how grand his Canopy !
 His Bed how fair ! no Cares his Sleep prevent,
 But round his peaceful Temples play bright Dreams
 And golden Slumbers. Boasts he of his Ease,
 Exempt from Labour ? whence the Pain of Toil,
 But from the Mind's Anxiety ? The Mind
 Of Innocence is always calm, the Mind of Guilt,
 How'er exalted, like the troubled Wave,
 Ah ! then who labours most ? tho' in his Hall,
 Pamper'd and proud, awaits a servile Train,
 For State than Use more kept : the humble Clown
 Brighter Retinue far attends, Celestial Hosts
 Encamp around the Dwellings of the Just,
 On sacred Service bent. Or should he boast

H

His

His sumptuous Palace, curiously adorn'd
 With all the Cost of Art ? what can it more
 Than shield him from the Air ? The Peasant's Cot,
 Warm-thatch'd, can do as much ; and, when adorn'd
 By Cleanliness and thee, content as well.
 What tho' the Scene around, the Hills, the Dales,
 Vocal with lowing Herds and bleating Flocks,
 What tho' the lofty Woods and yellow Fields,
 Wide-waving ; tho' the lucid Stream, that winds
 Its Food-fraught Current thro' the verdant Meads,
 He cannot call his own ; yet he, perhaps,
 May more enjoy them than their haughty Lord.
 Thence He, by Toil unpainful, can procure
 For all his real Wants Supplies ; and thence,
 Thro' each revolving Season of the Year,
 From Nature's ever-varied Stores can draw

Rich Luxury of Bliss, without Remorse.

'Tis true, Celestial Maid ! thou canst not shrink
 Thy faithful Vot'ries from the cruel Hand.
 Of fell Disease : yet once thou couldst ; but ah !
 Man, foolish Man, seeking for other Bliss
 Than thou bestow'st, that Blessing forfeited.
 O ! had he kept his Eye upon thy Charms
 Firm-fix'd ; then should he ne'er have known Toil,
 Pain,
 Disease, or Death ; but thou his never-ending Days
 With one eternal Smile hadst crown'd. Couldst
 thou,
 In these out guilty Times, have stretch'd thine Hand,
 To save from cold Corruption, then had I
 Ne'er felt the Pang acute of parting Love :
 Then my lov'd Fair, upon whose Count'nance shone

Thy Beauties, Heav'n-delighting, ne'er had drank
 The bitter Cup of Death. Thou conscious Moon !
 And all ye rolling Orbs, whose piercing Eyes
 Pervade the Midnight Gloom ! how oft' have Ye,
 When ev'ry Voice was hush'd, and ev'ry Eye,
 But that of Grief, was clos'd, beheld the Throbs
 That heav'd my love-lorn Bosom ? Say, how oft'
 Have ye beheld the flowing Tears, that kept
 My Eyelids waking ? Even now (tho' like
 The Man of Uz, my former Joys are all
 In kind restor'd) oft' in the social Hour,
 When Cheerfulness, not unallow'd by thee,
 Exhilarates my Breast, a sudden Damp
 O'ercasts the Beams of Mirth ; her Image pale
 Rises within my Mind, and unobsey'd
 The trickling Woe descends : nor will I blush ;

For oh ! She was whate'er could charm the Soul,
 Fair, virtuous, and affectionate ; my Worth's
 First Wish, and later Reason's Choice, my Heart's
 Sole Pride, sole Joy, and most endearing Wife.
 To thy blest Memory, sweet Saint, my Love
 No pompous Monuments of Stone can raise :
 But if this Verse could equal thy Deserts,
 Thy Charms, like those of chaste *Penelope*,
 Or *Daphne* fair, should live beyond the Date
 Of Brass or Marble, Yet altho' thy Pow'r,
 Bright Innocence, does not so far extend
 As erst it did, ere thy infernal Foe,
 The Foe of Man and Man's Creator, crept
 Into thy happy Bow'r, with baleful Breath
 Blasting the Tree of Life, whose vital Fruit
 Thou, and thou only, couldst administer.

Successful :

Successful! Still, thy sacred Precepts lead
 The surest Way to Health, Life-crowning Ease,
 And reverend length of Days. Thrice happy He,
 Whose Tent is pitch'd, during his Sojourn here,
 Within the temp'rate Zone of human Life,
 Distant alike from the wild Heats that rage
 Beneath the glowing Line of haughty Wealth,
 And the chill Blasts that bind the crystal Spring
 Of Joy and Comfort, where the frozen Pole
 Of Poverty is elevate; for tho' old in M^to alard TO
 Thy Charms can make the barren Desert smile,
 Thy Breath can cool the fervid Beams of Pride,
 Or hotter Lust; yet oft'hest do we trace
 Thy sacred Vestige in the Middle States.
 Hail, happy Station! Situation blest! On! gratificatiⁿ
 Most blest! by Wisdom's ancient Son^ts right nam'd

The Golden Mean, within thy happy Climate
 Dwells Ease, dwells Freedom, social Pleasures dwell:
 There Love his golden Shafts employs, there lights
 His brightest Firs; by Woe's salt Streams un-
 quench'd,
 By stately Pride unquell'd; there Thou, my Muse,
 And Glory of my Song, thy earthly Throne
 Hast fix'd, pre-eminent; fast by the Side
 Of Virtue, heav'nly Queen! who here vouchsafes
 Her glorious Presence: Blest Religion here
 Shines frequent; whilst around her Seat
 Graces divine, and Christian Charities,
 In Works of Love abounding, clap their Wings!
 Here no Temptation enters, save what breeds
 In the foul Heart of Man; no anxious Fear
 Of future Want; yet no swoln Fulness leads

PL.

T' Intemperance, or Impiety : here Space
 Is left for Hope, without which Life flows on
 Like a dead Calm, smooth, but inanimate
 And dull. Here may my Lot be fix'd, midway
 From all Extremes, in all that can admit up
 Of an Extreme. Nor Rich, nor Poor, nor Great,
 Nor Mean, weak-minded, nor too wise; as they
 A Glass beholding human frailties, Not fish'd
 Despic'd, or hated; nor the Idol Theme
 Of popular Applause. Let not my Heart
 Be steel'd against a suff'ring Brother's Cries,
 Nor yet too soft, susceptible of Pain; vib.
 From every slight Impression. Be my Mind
 With sober Cheerfulness indu'd; in Grief
 Compos'd, in Joy not elevate: my House
 Proportion'd to my State, in rural Scenes

- instill T

Retir'd,

Rest'd, not solitary : With me here 'vash'd o' T
 Dwell Piety, dwell Love, Friendship, and Peace ;
 Nor let the Heart-enlarging Muse desert
 My humble Seat ; and thou, blest Inventor !
 Watch o'er my Happiness, and guide my Steps !
 O ! how shall I describe thee, heav'nly Fair,
 Where most thou charm'st ! in thy pure native Seat
 Of chaste Virginity ! thy Radiance such,
 Not the dread Majesty of Heav'n disdain'd,
 In sufferable shade ; & if there gainst
 Here all thy Beams unite : all Mortals knowest
 Of Powers Angelick shines. Mind harmless, clean,
 Unruffled ; Joy untainted, Love unfeign'd,
 Free, holy and immaculate. Kind Pow'r
 To bless ; & injure none. Harmonious Voice
 Soft-ravishing, worthy to be attun'd

To Heav'n's high Praise : by night on Earth
 Dwell Piccy, dwelt Tare, friendship, friends ;
 Or equal'd Form divinely fram'd, endow'd
 With uncreated Excellence, soft, fair,
 Perfection'd exquisite Grace in each Limb,
 Moving or resting, Countenance adorn'd
 With Flow'rs of Paradise, the vernal Bloom
 In Earth's cold Garden Mars'd, no none so gay,
 With Sweetness incomparable, and Eyes
 Darting celestial Fires, in Beauteous Pomp,
 Themselves Dignity and modest Pears
 Play blended, there, bright Love's fierce-beaming
 And sweet pathetic Tenderness
 In soft Effusion mixt, whilst on her Brow
 The awful Sanctities of Virtue raise.

High Veneration, every low Desir'd, and His 10
 Far banishing. Thus Man's first Patronus, who
 Shone splendent. Thus, that highly-favoured Maid
 Whose Virgin Womb the Deity possessed, and W
 Incarnate, thus, if equally adorn'd, 10
 By these, might many a lovely blooming Maid,
 Of this blest Isle, in Beauty far surpass compare,
 Try fair Destruction, Circe's potent Charms, or W
 Or Love's unfaithful Goddess, or Worthier Reality
 The Roman Virgin, (sacred be her Name,) his 10
 To latest Ages, who'st avoid the Lust
 Of Tyrant Apathy, by paternal Hands,
 Virtue's Sceptre, in Youth's full Bloom, W
 A willing Victim fell; in Youth's full Bloom, W
 Matchless in Beauty, Virtue, Innocence. 10
 O cursed Guilt! with thy detaining Train, I 2 A
 Pride, Anger, Envy, and each vain Conceit,
 12 B

Of all, but Selfishness, and thoughtless Living,
 How, with thy Irreverent Influence, canst thou mar
 Libavio's faultless Workmanship? What eloquence,
 What cunning Whimsies can supply the Place
 Of beautifying Innocence? What Rime personal
 Can match the violet Blush, no sign'd by that sweet
 Confusion goitrous! What comely Cream,
 Whiten the Mind, with Pains less galling?
 What Coated Oyle can propre the looks
 Of artless Love, simply enchanting? Thus, and T
 Good Honor, canst illustrate well, & gladden
 Virtue's Superiority. The Deaf
 Were kindly from their grassy Banks uprise,
 To graze the bound'd Pastur'; the joyfull Bicker,
 (As Lully thee inspir'd,) were heartily set bus'ning
 In gaudy Concerts joined, with Joyous hails in't

Bright & burn't her self Beside, which now began
 Over the sub-siding Hills to plot, In gilding A
 A Wall of Gaudies; at the sight of which
 Awe-struck her older Children withdrew in
 (Too full to beth the lazy Sluggard's Sighes) & T
 But now before they body Ham had first chil'd
 Refreshing Mother and pollicid Queen
 On ev'ry fragrant Tree, Shrub, Plant, and Flower,
 Whiche now, with mingled sweetnes exhal'd, the Air
 Perfused; wher shewy Illustrum Yorklyre wond,
 Smell'd with the Love of States, his blithe Queen
 Of amorous Nature, her body fair to match with
 Steel'd in her zeugophylax, in all his Works
 Viewingeke girt, O'er her, a modish ornament of
 Riper'de Devotion, laste emblem Joyes been A
 Wher jollit layd, within the Gloriede Skirt,

Not

Not far remott, with more than common Strains,
 A warbling Nightingale ringeth Layer's 15v
 Pour'd forth hermonious as The ravish'd Youth,
 With wary Step and list'ning Ear, approachid
 The vocal Grove, curious perchance, to see
 The little Artist, from whose melody Throak
 Such Musick issild, or from whence the Chuse
 Of such unusual Joy. His Marych ceas'd vs no
 When, underneath the woven Boughs on which
 The Bird sat chaunting, he espied a Maid, whose
 Than yonliest Fancy's brightest Dreams were fair,
 On the damp Ground she lay, as if from whence
 A lovely Flawn just sprung, that seem'd to shade
 The fainter Colours of all those that bloom'd; iv
 Attendant quicke her, Balmie Sleep had cloid
 Her love-saught Eyes, her Beauty lessning not,

But adding rather to her numerous Charms
 Superior Innocence. Her Cheeks, that glow'd
 With Rosy not territorial, were stain'd
 With recent Tears; yet on her Countenance dwelt
 Serene Composure, and sweet-smiling Peace.
 She look'd as if some pleasing Dream employ'd
 Her scatter'd Senses. At a Sight so rare,
 So exquisite, Honorio stood amaz'd;
 Admiring much the Maid, much wond'ring how
 At such a Time, in such a Place, she chose
 Her decent Limbs to rest; and, as he gaz'd,
 Reluctant Love (which oft' in vain he'd sought
 Amongst th' Assemblies of the modish Fair)
 Now enter'd uninvited. As a Bird
 Within the fascinating Vortex drawn
 Of some fell Rattle-snake's alluring Eye,

The Youth stood fix'd; unable to wish down
 His eager Glances, To inflame him more,
 The freshning Breeze from half her Bosom mov'd
 The modest Lawn, discov'ring Charms, the Nymph,
 Waking, had ne'er disclos'd, The vivid Snow
 (Not to be view'd with moderate Desire)
 Stir'd in his manly Breast unknown Alarms.
 Ah! then, fond Youth, strong Proof thy Virtue fail'd,
 Strange Thoughts and wild, tumultuous in thy Breast
 Arise: Glad Demons fan the guilty Flame,
 Suggest each fav'ring Circumstance, how all
 Concurs—the Maid unguarded, and the Place
 Retir'd. The Youth, to Vice untrain'd, nor wont
 To harbour lawless Passions, with Amaze
 Feels the slack Rein from Reason's Hand nigh fall'n,
 Virtue expiring, and his raging Mind

To

To Folly bent—trembling he stood—he paus'd—
When gracious Heav'n, still watchful to protect
The Couch of helpless Innocence, nor less
The Strength of Virtue struggling with th'Assault
Of dire Temptation, strait to other Thoughts
More worthy, more humane, sudden disposed
His wav'ring Mind—for soon with other Eyes
He view'd the sleeping Maid; hor' less admir'd;
But marking well, diffus'd throughout her Charms,
The lovely Impress of a guiltless Mind,
His gen'rous Breast a noble Pity felt—
Hence virtuous Awe; back he recoil'd, and shock'd
With Horror at himself. As Cadmus' Seed,
When in the Stream reflective he beheld
His branching Antlers and quadruped Form:
Who, daring to invade the close Recess,

Of holy Chastity, with bestial Shape
 Was punish'd ; to his own fierce Dogs a Prey
 Becoming. When at length these Words broke
 loose.
 Were all those heav'nly Graces form'd to tempt
 Man to thy Ruin ? Surely, no. Shall I, to please
 A wayward Fancy, in a Moment blast
 Those Beauties that enchant me ? Or, can Love
 By Injuries of the blackest Die display
 Its tender Motions ? Blest be Heav'n's good Grace,
 That now withheld my almost guilty Hand
 From such black Testimony. No, sweet Nymph,
 A nobler Task my Love assigns me : I will join
 Thy guardian Angels in their sacred Change,
 Sleep on secure ; thy Bed I will protect,
 Not violate ; and if thy virtuous Mind

Be such as thy bright Form pourtrays, not long

Shall it be criminal in me to hope

All happy Love can give. But ah! I fear

The dewy Zephyr will affect thy Breast

With some sad Malady: O! let me shield

Thy tender Beauties from the noxious air.

With that his Cloak upon the flumb'ring Nymph

Gently he laid, each soft Temptation from

His greedy Eye close covering. The Birds

That, whilst the rash and guilty Transport fir'd

His youthful Breast, hot sung, or he not heard,

Now with redoubled Lay, in Concert full,

Made all the Grove resound, and chiefly He,

The charming Warbler, whose melodious Song

The Youth's first Steps invited, now renew'd

His Notes with double Joy; as if, like Heav'n,

Rejoic'd at Man's return to Virtue's Paths.

Their Musick shrill the Maid awak'd ; who, when

She saw her Cow'ring new, and by her Side,

A Man stand guardant, all confus'd arose,

Blushing inimitable ; then her Eyes

The Youth first saw, where seem'd a charming Strife

Twixt bright and sweet, which most should domi-
nate.

She would have fled ; but he too deep had drank

Of Love's delicious Draught, thus to resign

His blissful Hopes ; by gentle Force restrain'd

Her stay he thus intreated — ‘ Charming Maid,

‘ Ah ! do not fly, no Danger here awaits .

‘ Witness that Garment on thy fenceless Charms

‘ I gently laid, left from the dewy Breeze

‘ Some Inj'ry should befall thee : First relate,

' To my fond Heart, what happy Mother claims,
 ' Such fair Disposal, and by what strange Chance,
 ' (Happy to me, tho' to thyself I fear,
 ' Not so) at this untimely Hour of Morn,
 ' I find thee on such ill-befitting Bed,
 ' Thy tender Limbs reposing. Trust me, Fair,
 ' (My Name Honoria, you perchance e'er now
 ' Have heard it mention'd, in these neigb'ring
 ' Plains,
 ' No Stranger) much my Heart desires your Love,
 ' Your Welfare.' — Here a Pause ensu'd: for well
 She knew him Lord of all that ample Track;
 With Name still fairer than his fair Estate,
 For virtuous Deeds renown'd. His graceful Form,
 And still more graceful Kindness, in her Breast,
 Rais'd soft Alarms. She knew not what to say,

Not

T

Nor what to hope: when thus return'd the Youth:
 • Why that Confusion sweet, that drowsy Eye,
 • And meaning Silence? If too much I said
 • In naming Love, still let my Friendship claim
 • A gentle Answer. Sir, (the blushing Maid
 Recovering answer'd) often have I heard
 • Your Goodness praise'd, your Condescension sweet,
 • By her who bore me, and by many more
 • Who bless'd your Bounty; tho' till now, my Eyes
 • Were never witness to it. But since Chance
 • Has made me thus the Object of your Care,
 • What you deign to ask, as Duty bids,
 • I shall inform you; tho' the Tale is such,
 • As must some Pain excite in telling, and
 • In hearing. Here a Flood of Tears burst out,
 With which the good Honorio hot disdain'd

To sympathize; and thus purſ'd the Nymph.
 ' Lucia my Name, ſeven mournful Days agone
 ' Daughter to good Conſtantine; but, alas! ^{and W.}
 ' An helpless Orphan now. I need not tell
 ' What fair Repuſe ſhe bears; her little Farm,
 ' E'er ſince my Father's Deaſh, with frugal Care
 ' Well managing, which with the kindly Help
 ' Of ſome bleſt Benefactor, tho' unknown,^{and W.}
 (Obeisance here ſhall make, and o'er her Faſt ^{and I.})
 A deeppe Crimson bluſh'd; nor he uanoy'd ^{and I.}
 At the Detection ſcandal) maintained us both ^{and U.}
 ' In comfortable Detençy. But, ſince ^{and I.}
 ' My moſt iumented Lord, a cruel Man, ^{and W.} know I
 ' (T'whofe Care our Farm is left) pretending Love,
 ' With cringing Actions and detracſive Words, ^{I.}
 ' Seeking my Ruin, finding his false Suit ^{and W.}

• Prove

' Prove ineffectual; now resolv'd to try
 ' A blacker Method, to obtain by Threats
 ' What Flattery could not win.
 Last Night he
 ' came, ^{not been I won and O disklos'd}
 ' But not as went, with guileful Speeches smooth
 ' To crave my Rity; but with barb'rous Rage
 ' Demanding all that to his Lord was due,
 ' Which well he knew my want of Pow'r to pay.
 ' I begg'd a short Delay; He frown reply'd
 ' His Lord's Commands were urgent, and he must,
 Upon Refusal, ^{At the Debt} seize my little All.
 ' But if, indulgent to his guilty Love,
 I would a Title to his Friendship gain, from y^r M^r.
 ' The Debt he would himself discharge; if not,
 ' Late as it was, I should immediate seek
 ' Another Roof for Shelter. I refus'd

Proue

His

His foul Proposals, and the cruel Man
 Made good his Threat'nings. Fearing some Design,
 I rambled wide, for Guidance trusting Heav'n.
 When, quite outworn with weeping and Fatigue,
 Within this Grove I laid me down ; till Morn
 Should shew me where I was. Here gentle Sleep
 My Suff'rings calm'd ; and you, kind Sir, have
 deign'd
 To be my Guardian. O continue still
 Your worthy Patronage ; and tho' my State,
 Too low and grov'ling, must forbid all Thoughts
 Of what your Goodness utter'd, give me leave
 To be your Handmaid, and with faithful Care
 All virtuous Service to perform. In Mind
 And Person equal, (charm'd *Honorio* cry'd)

L

I have

* Have vainly sought, thou dost present me with :

* Beauty and perfect Innocence conjoin'd.

* Consent to be my Wife, and here I swear

* By ev'ry holy Tye to make thee mine.

She curtsied silent ; but her sparkling Eyes

Spoke Gratitude, spoke Love, and Tenderness

Ineffable. Honorio raptur'd caught

Within his arms the all-bewitching Fair,

And from her Lips, not artfully withheld,

Sip'd heav'nly Nectar and ambrosial Joy.

How frail is human Transport ! O how short

The Lover's Joys ! how endless are his Woes !

If thou, bliss-giving Maid, refuse to grace

The nuptial Bed, and, with thy lasting Charms,

The soft Connection bles : but where thou deign'st

To dwell resplendent, there, on golden Wings,

Rise gay Delights, and ev'ry heart-felt Joy,
 Divided Cares there lessen, and fond Bliss
 United swells to Rapture, No Distrust
 Foul and ungenerous, no jarring wills.
 No Peace-destroying Feuds, no sep'reate Good
 Pursu'd or hop'd for, dare to interrupt
 The blest Tranquillity. The early Lark
 With his Sky-charming Song awakes the Pair,
 By thee inform'd, to envy'd Happiness.
 And the late Nightingale melodious sings
 Epithalamiums sweet each welcome Eve,
 Or tuneful serenades their waking Hours,
 Not joyless; blest with nuptial Concord sweet,
 How nearly to empyreal Bliss ally'd !
 Where happy Angels quaff immortal Draughts
 Of Innocence and Love. In ancient Lore

'Tis fabled, that *Medusa's* horrid Front
 Turn'd all who saw to Stone. How diff'rent thine!
 Thy Potence how reverse! thy Aspect bright,
 Benign and lovely, wheresoe'er it shines,
 Softens the hardest Hearts and hardest Fates,
 Makes Sorrow smile, Misfortunes not severe,
 Beguiles the Hour of Pain, and all the Ills
 Of human Life converts to Blessings rich.
 At sight of thee, th' infatiate Monster Death,
 Upon his pale Horse stalking, from his Hand
 Th' envenom'd dart down drops, the Law's sharp
 Curse,
 And sinful Man's sole Terror: from his Cheek
 The ghastly Horrors fly, and placid Smiles
 O'erspread the lean Deformity. How blest
 The Man, who, at the Hour, awful, and big

With

With all that Nature dreads, upon his Breast
 Can lay his dying Hand, and boldly lay
 To Heav'n and Earth; witness against me now,
 If e'er my Soul in Thought, in Word, or Act,
 With study'd Malice or opprobrious Guile,
 Has wrong'd my Neighbour. Witness if my Heart,
 Impure and lustful, ever sought to stain
 The Virgin's Honour, or to climb the Bed
 Of foul Adultry. Witness thou high Pow'r,
 Who gav'st me Life, and who art now about
 That Blessing to resume, if I have ceas'd
 Throughout the Hours, the Days, the Years which
 Thou
 Hast here allotted, to adore thy Name;
 And, tho' oft sinning, oft repenting, still
 With my best Strength to keep thy sacred Laws.

Witness

Witness thou holy Saviour of Mankind,
 If I have dar'd in my own righteous Acts
 To place my Confidence, and not implor'd
 Thy pow'rful Mediation. His pure Soul,
 Of future Bliss assur'd, unmov'd and calm
 Shall quit this turbid Scene, and on their Wings
 Bless'd Angels shall to Regions bless'd convey
 The disencumber'd Spirit; where his Breast
 No Passions foul shall rend, no guilty Scenes
 Invite to torture, or his eyes offend
 With Vision execrable: no Remarks
 With necessary Pangs afflict, and Groans
 Deep-felt, unutt'rable. Th' Oppressor here
 Shall find no Room, who o'er his Innocence
 In this dark Vale insulting, triumph'd. Here
 Thou, Celestial Maid, shalt lead him forth

distriv

To

To Streams of Joy perennial, there to dwell,

In Garments white array'd, with Spirits just

Made perfect, and t' enjoy Communion sweet

And high, with Patriarchs holy, Martyrs bold

In patient Innocence, Apostles blest,

And all the glorious Hierarchy of Heav'n;

With beatifick Vision rapt, to join

The happy Throng, and at the sacred Throne

To hymn eternal Praises. O my Soul,

Now, while the Transport fires me, let my Harp

Be strung to him, the everlasting God,

Yet, Mystery amazing! Son of Man;

Who deign'd on Earth of perfect Innocence

Sole pattern to appear. O! ever bless'd,

In whatsoever Name delighting most,

Let me adore thee. Son of the most High,

Eternal

Eternal Word, by whom the Heav'ns and Earth,
 Were call'd to Being, dread *Emmanuel*,
 Great Prince of Peace, Almighty Love Divine,
 Saviour of Man, Most Holy *Jesus*! at
 The gracious Name let the redeemed Earth
 Bow low, and Heav'n's bright Quires adoring bend:
 Son of the Royal Hymnist *David*, He
 Whose potent Harp could from the raging Mind
 Drive ev'ry evil Influence; who, what time
 To Heav'n's high Praise he sang, could make
 Air, Earth and Sea, with all therein contain'd,
 In holy Worship join; or to the Chords
 Prophetick utter wond'rous things of thee.
 O might I snatch from his most hallow'd Flame
 Some living Spark! so haply might my Song
 Sound not discordant in thy gracious Ear.

May

James

May I, the lowest of thy subject Flock,
 Lift up my Voice unskinning, whilst I strain
 At Angels biliſful Labours—thy great Praise.

What Man, what Seraph, what Archangel bright
 Can tell thy glorious Acts? since thou art God
 From all Eternity, and what they are
 They to thy Bounty owe. In thy fierce Wrath
 How terrible! when thou incens'd didſt drive
 The Rebel Potentates from Heav'n's pure Light,
 To dwell in utter Darkness. In thy Love
 O how adorable! In thee how ſhone
 The Brightness of thy Father's Pow'r! when thou
 Rod'dſt forth creative to thy fix Days Work,
 This universal Frame, ſublime, complete,
 With vegetative Life and animal,
 Fulfill'd. Then from the Dust thou form'dſt

M

Thy

Thy Creature Man : In thine own Image form'd,
Honour'd and sanctify'd, and by thee made
Lord of this lower World. O ! teach my Soul
Often to meditate her own high Worth,
Nobly to scorn the little Baits of Sense,
And soar to its great Author. Nor does here
Thy wond'rous Love desist ; but, rolling on
Thre' Ages infinite, with Providence
Unering still preserves the glorious Works
Which thy right Hand hath made : and when fal'n

Man
Thy sacred Image had defac'd, and broke
Thy Father's holy Laws, how didst thou check
Black Hell's malicious Triumph ! even Sin
Subservient to thy Glory making. Then
Heav'n's bright Inhabitants amaz'd beheld

Thy Grace unfathomable ; deigning now
 From thy bieis'd Father's Bosom to descend,
 From Bliss divine, ineffable, supreme,
 A Creature's Form to wear, and from the Womb
 Of an unblemish'd Virgin to begin
 Thy Life of matchless Sorrows. In that Hour
 Angels rejoic'd for Man, and all the Skies
 With loud Hosanna's rang. How did abound
 Thy Righteousness, thy Love, thy Glory ! when
 The Blind with Rapture saw thy Face divine,
 The Cripple leap'd for Joy, the helpless Sick,
 Trusting in thee, were holpen ; when the Dead,
 At thy high Call awaking, thee confess'd
 Sole Lord of Life. How far above all Praise,
 In thy great Act redemptive, soar'd thy Grace !
 When thou, at whose commanding Voice await

Myriads of shining Ministers, didst yield
 To Sorrow, Shame and Death, for sinful Man;
 So thy great Father's Will, thy Offer free,
 How didst thou triumph o'er the dreary Grave,
 When uncorrupted thou didst burst its Chains,
 And spring again to Day ! Ascending high,
 Captivity led'st captive, for lost Man
 Obtaining Blessings rich, Grace, Pardon, Peace,
 And everlasting Joy : humbled before,
 To be exalted now above all Thrones,
 Dominions, Principalities and Pow'rs ;
 That at thy mighty Name both Heav'n and Earth,
 And deepest Hell, Subjection low should yield.
 What Words can speak ? what sacred Strains
 express
 The fervent Breathings of a grateful Heart,

Brim with due Sense of thy amazing Love,
 O never, never, let my Soul forget
 Her Saviour's Benefits ! but in each Hour,
 Each Act of Life, in Thought, in Word, in Deed,
 In Youth, in Age, in Trouble and in Joy,
 Still let thy Praise be ever in my Mind
 A Source of sweet Delight.—And thou, bright Orb
 Celestial, who in Light unsuff'rable,
 Like thy Almighty Maker, dwell'st enthron'd,
 Witness, when from the Orient thou display'st
 Thy Beams resplendent, if my inmost Soul
 Bless not the ever-gracious Hand that form'd
 Thy golden Tresses ; and when thou dost draw
 Thy flaming Chariot down the steep of Day,
 And from th' Horizon Occidental shew'st
 But half thy glorious Face, if I neglect

To

To honour him whose Pow'r directs thy Course,
 Diurnal, annual, and with grateful Thanks
 Confess his daily Blessings. All ye Lights
 Nocturnal, and innum'able, that dance
 Height above Height around Night's Silver Queen,
 Witness, when in the wakeful Hour I view
 Your sparkling splendours, if my Soul not lifts
 Her Eye to her Redeemer, dwelling far
 Above your shining Houses. Witness all
 Ye lofty Hills with waving Forests crown'd,
 Ye humble Vales, soft Scenes of sweet Delight,
 With od'rous Flow'rs and never-dying green
 Richly adorn'd; ye ever-warbling Brook,
 Herds, Flocks, and chaunting Birds;
 Ye bearded Fields with Heav'n's full Bounty fraught,
 Ye Trees that bend with rich Variety

Of golden Fruitage, Vines luxuriant,
 That, round the humble Habitation oft
 Of Poverty and Innocence, your Arms,
 With swelling Clusters heavy-laden, twine,
 Off'ring your Draught nectareous to his Lip
 To sooth his Cares, and fill his Heart with Joy.
 Witness all Nature, when your ample Store,
 Your Blessings numberless, and boundless Gifts,
 Enraptur'd I contemplate, if my Soul
 Swell not with Love intense to him who gave
 Her mental Pow'rs, and, gracious, for her Use
 Thus lighted up yon Arch, thus fill'd this Globe
 With all Things ornamental, useful, good;
 And to ensure her Bliss to endless Date,
 By his own great Example taught—to live,
 To die; and when to native Clay returns

This

This mortal Frame, thro' him, assur'd to see
 Of Resurrection glorious. If, Great God,
 In this my feeble Worship I have err'd,
 Thro' Weakness, Ign'rance, or Presumption, O!
 Pardon th' unwilling Fault, and deign to accept
 My Heart's best Off'reing; and throughout my Life
 Still let thy glorious Pattern guide my Step,
 To Innocence, to Holiness; that when
 In awful Majesty thou shalt descend
 Great Judge of Quick and Dead, before the Hosts
 Celestial, Myriads bright and numberless,
 Thy great approving Voice may then pronounce
 Thy Sentence beatifick, final, just.

F I N I S